THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIX. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1863 TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 14.

THE SNOWY OWL.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Stranger-Bird, from Baffin's Bay,
Where the white bear roams in state;
Where the icebergs plunge and play,
Knocking in their ruffian way,
At the close-barr'd Arctic gate.

Mighty Bird, from Baffin's Bay,
With thy wide-spread wings in motion,
Five feet o'er from tip to tip,
Sailing like a snowy ship
Through blue ether's waveless ocean;

How thy large, round, golden eyes,
With black pupils so surprising,
And thy fearful beak would make
Rabbitdom and Ratdom quake
In thy fits of gormandizing.

Wo to the devoted nest,
Where the fledgelings upward gazing
For their parents from the sky,
Should those great, fix'd orbs espy,
So portentous, so amazing.

Thou wouldst be a traveller, sure,
Emulous of future glory—
Spend a winter to explore
Far New England's rock-bound shore,
Somewhat famed in pilgrim story.

Thou, perchance, hadst never heard
Yankee shots were sharp and thrilling;
And the people shrewd to guess
In whatever queer recess
Lurk'd a dollar, or a shilling.

Great Minerva's solemn bird!
Mournfully I sing thy fate;
Slain and stuff'd, a trophy made
'Neath a throng'd Museum's shade,
Ends thy last marauding raid,
Ends thy tour unfortunate.

Often have I wonder'd why
Pallas in her wisdom made
Owls, the exponents of her lore:
A grave face, and nothing more,
Seems the highest claim they bore
To a title thus convey'd.

Hartford, April 30th, 1863.

* An immense snowy or Arctic Owl was recently shot on the western heights in Hartford, measuring five feet across the wings, and with thick, downy feathers beneath them, enabling him to swoop on his prey in perfect silence.

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CONRAD AND ROSALINE.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD FRIENDS.

Almost as soon as the day had dawned prince Bertrand presented himself at the office of the royal guard, with the order for the immediate and private execution of Conrad du Nord. He was to see the deed done. A lieutenant took the keys, and went with him down into the dungeon; but the place was empty.

"This is not the cell," said the prince.

"This is certainly the cell, my lord."

"Then where is the prisoner?"

The guardsman was bewildered. He could tell nothing about it.

"How long have you been on guard?" asked Bertrand.

"Since four o'clock."

"How long were those on whom you relieved?"

"Four hours, from midnight."

"By the gods!" cried Bertrand, stamping his foot, and gnashing his teeth, "if the prisoner has been led away, it must have been done during that time. But let us look."

All the cells in that depth were examined, but no prisoner was found. Then the prince hastened back to the office with the lieutenant, and called for the captain. But the captain was not at hand.

"How many sentinels were there in and about the prison?" demanded the prince.

The lieutenant said there were ten.

"Let those ten who were on from midnight until four o'clock this morning be instantly summoned."

The summons was sent; but the men were not found.

"They should be in their beds at this hour," said the lieutenant; "but they are not there; and their beds have not been touched during the night."

"Then, by heaven! they have deserted!" exclaimed Bertrand, gasping as he spoke.

"It looks like it, my lord."

The prince rushed out, and in the court he met one of his father's ushers, the sight of whom caused him, for a moment, to forget the errand he had started upon.

"Ah—fellow—here! Have you seen the king this morning?"

"No, my lord," replied the usher, bowing respectfully.

"I fear my father is not well. He looked sick and faint when I left him last night."

The usher passed on, and Bertrand hurried away to the office of the palace guard, where he assured himself that all the sentinels who had held watch in the prison during the last half of the night had run away. He flew from place to place, like one possessed, and in less than half an hour he had gained considerable information. Three things he knew well enough. First: Conrad du Nord had escaped. Second: The Duke of Rennes had assisted him. Third: He had gone with horses and friends.

"I do much suspect," muttered the prince to himself, "that Sir Philip de Savenay has lent his aid to this; but I will not accuse him yet. I will find the fugitive first; and I will deal with him afterwards."

As he thus muttered Poins came in with a report. He had met some fishermen just beyond the wall, who had declared that they saw, about an hour past midnight, a party of horsemen dashing off over the sand towards the Villaine road.

A few more reports were brought in; and then the prince sent for Thamar, who quickly answered his call.

"Thamar, how many of the royal guard can you count upon as true to me?"

"All whom you have helped to the position, my lord; certainly a score of them."

"You have your commission as lieutenant?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I should show you an order from the king commanding the arrest of Conrad du Nord, and that I should bid you to apprehend him?"

"I should obey you, my lord."

"Then look ye: The case is ten times more emphatic than that. A prisoner, whom the king had condemned to death for high treason, has escaped. Can you call twenty of the royal guard, and give pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then away, at once. You know the man. It is Conrad du Nord; and I think that some of the duke's guard are with him. If Casimir has directed him to a place of safety, I think I risk nothing in deciding that that place is Anjou. With this clue let your wits serve you. Spare not your horses. Change them as often as you can. Ride for your lives. Aye—my good Thamar, ride for the place of power which Sir Philip de Savenay now occupies! Do you understand me?"

"My lord, if Conrad du Nord lives, look to see him back in Vannes when I return; and I will return as quickly as possible. I will eat and sleep in the saddle until I find him."

"Good! Away now; and if you bring the prisoner back as you promise, the reward I have spoken of may be nearer than you imagine."

Within half an hour from that time Thamar had placed himself at the head of five-and-twenty stout guardsmen, and was galloping out from the city.

* * * * * * *

Conrad du Nord found good horses in his train, and before daylight he had crossed the Villaine; and, just as the sun was rising, he reached the hamlet of Chenay, where he concluded to stop and get breakfast.

"We will eat, and change horses here," said Nicolas; "and then be on our way again. We shall not be long detained."

A small inn was found, where the seal of the duke brought forth promise of the horses, and where a good meal could be readily prepared. While the host was making ready in the kitchen, Conrad threw himself into an easy-chair, and closed his eyes. He had fallen away into a dreamy slumber, when he was aroused by feeling a hand upon his shoulder, and hearing his name pronounced. He started up, and beheld Francesco standing by his side.

"My father!" he cried, springing to his feet, and rubbing his eyes.

"Conrad, my boy!" echoed the old tutor.

"Is it really Francesco?"

"Certainly it is. By my life, this is a strange meeting. I was just waking from a curious dream when the horses came rattling into the court; and upon going to the window I saw your very self getting down from the saddle; and can you wonder, my boy, that I made all haste to meet you?"

"It was natural that you should. But tell me, Francesco,—why are you here?"

"I have started for Vannes, my boy. Your kind old mother, Marguerite, has been stolen away from us; and I think she has been carried thither. Ah,—I see by your face, that this is no news to you. What have you to tell? I am very anxious, Conrad."

"I have much to tell," replied our hero, motioning his old tutor to a seat. They were alone, Nicholas having gone to look after the horses, while the rest of the party were in the kitchen.

"I have much to tell," repeated Conrad, resuming his seat. "Listen to me, for I am going to startle you."

And thereupon the youth went on to tell of all that had befallen him since he left the castle of Rennes. He told of the coming of Sir Philip; of the arrival at Vannes; of the first interview of Casimer with the king; of the complaint which the prince entered; of the attack of Pluton; of the coming of the last summons; of the startling disclosures made by Father Jerome; of the introduction of Marguerite, and of her story; of his condemnation and imprisonment; and of the coming of the duke to set him free. At first the old man had been deeply affected; but he managed to control himself until the narrative reached the disclosures of the monk, and the corroborating testimony of Marguerite. At this point he shook convulsively, and seemed almost inclined to doubt the truth of the story.

"Did Marguerite tell that?" he asked, when he could control his speech.

"Yes. But, Francesco, I am sure that she had been promised that it should do me no harm. She fainted before the king, and was racked with mortal agony. I cannot blame her."

The hermit asked many questions touching the doings of the prince, the speech of the king, the appearance of Father Jerome, and the movements of the duke; and when he had made himself familiar with all the details, he arose and commenced to pace the room.

Conrad was upon the point of speaking farther, when the host looked into the room, and announced that breakfast was ready.

"Let us move quickly," said Nicolas, appearing upon the threshold as the host turned away. "The horses will be ready for us.——Ah—whom have we here?"

"This is Francesco,—my tutor and guardian," replied our hero. And then turning the other way, he added,—"And this is Nicolas, the captain of the duke's guard."

"Let there be no haste," said Francesco, after he had embraced the captain. "Conrad must not leave this place until he sees another friend."

"But, my good sir," interposed Nicolas, "you know not what you say. We are——"

"I know all," said the old man, interrupting him. "Conrad has told me the whole story; and I must bid him wait. There is one coming who may help him."

"Ah," uttered the captain, shaking his head, "a stop here may ruin all his hopes of escape."

"And yet," pursued Francesco, resolutely, "he must wait. The Abbott of Saint Aubin will be here in a very short time. He must see the abbott."

At the mention of that name the captain's resolution was shaken.

"Is good old Dagobert coming?" asked Conrad.

"Yes. He stopped at Saint Eustace last night, and will join me here this morning.—But your breakfast is waiting. Eat, and we will converse afterwards."

Conrad followed the captain to the kitchen, and after the meal was eaten he rejoined his tutor, whom he found pacing up and down the court in front of the inn.

"I wish much to see old Dagobert; and yet to tarry here is dangerous," said the youth, after Francesco had once more bidden him to wait.

"Conrad," spoke the hermit, stopping, and resting his hand upon the boy's arm, "I would not willingly lead you into danger. Do as I bid you."

"But, father, we shall be pursued. Even now the royal guardsmen may be upon my track; and if they overtake us, they will come in a force which may not be resisted. Remember—it is not now the prince who strikes; it is the king!"

"You can tell me nothing which I do not already understand," returned Francesco. "Heaven sent this meeting."

Conrad started at these words, and a wild hope flashed up in his bosom.

"Answer me one question," he cried, grasping the old man by the arm. "Did the monk tell the truth?"

"In what?"

"In saying that I was the child of those traitorous parents."

"Dagobert can tell you of that better than I can."

"Beware, Francesco! O, if you give me reason to hope thus, and the spark should die out——"

"*Wait and see the abbott!*" spoke the old man, slowly and meaningly. "You must not leave this place until he comes."

"I shall obey you."

At that moment Nicolas came up and announced that the horses would be ready in a very few minutes.

"Let them wait," said Conrad. "I must remain here and see the Abbott of Saint Aubin."

"But, good Conrad, have you counted the cost?"

"I have counted everything, Nicolas—and I will wait."

The captain turned an inquiring glance upon Francesco, who quickly added:

"The boy is right. He must see Dagobert."

"Then I hold myself above all blame," said Nicolas, not at all reconciled to the arrangement.

"I am responsible," answered Conrad. He spoke promptly; and yet there was a strange flutter of uncertainty and anxiety in his bosom. When the captain had gone he turned to his old tutor, and asked him if he would answer one more question.

"Ask what you please," replied Francesco.

"If the monk spoke falsely, then Marguerite spoke falsely, also."

"And yet they may both have been mistaken. Wait until you see the abbott."

They waited two hours. Nicolas was in torture, for he knew that the king's guard could readily trace them. He had approached our hero, to remonstrate against tarrying longer, when Francesco came with the announcement that the abbott had arrived.

The venerable prelate entered the room with a firm step, and as Conrad hastened to meet him he smiled benignantly, and invoked a blessing upon his youthful head. The presence of the white-haired old abbott gave great relief to the captain, who pressed forward to greet him with reverence and love; for the good man upon whose sympathetic heart rested the experience of almost a century, was well known at the castle.

"Now," said Dagobert, when he had taken a seat, "what is this I hear. Francesco has just been telling me something which deeply interests me. Conrad, what have they been doing to you? Let me have the story."

Our hero related to the abbott the circumstances of his adventures as he had related them to his tutor; and he had just concluded when one of the men-at-arms came rushing into the apartment with the intelligence that a large body of mounted men were approaching the hamlet from the direction of Vannes.

Nicolas started up and hastened out; and very soon came back again.

"It is a detachment of the royal guard!" he said; "and Thamar leads them."

"Hold!" spoke Dagobert, as Conrad started to his feet. "Who is this Thamar?"

"He is a lieutenant of the king's guard," replied Nicolas; "but a tool of prince Bertrand's."

"How many are there?" asked Conrad.

"More than a score of them."

"I must not be taken. I will die here——"

"My son," said the abbott, taking the youth by the hand, "you have nothing to fear. If this Thamar has come to take you back to Vannes, go with him quietly. I will accompany you."

"One word," cried Conrad, turning and seizing the old man's hand. "Francesco said you would tell. Did Father Jerome speak truly?"

"He DID NOT!" replied Dagobert, calmly.

Conrad du Nord staggered as though beneath a stunning blow.

"O, can you prove it?" he gasped.

"I can prove that, and much more," said the abbott. And then, taking both the youth's hands in his own, and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, he added,—"I love you as I would love my own child; and yet I say unto thee, Go back with me to Vannes!"

The youth was completely overcome by conflicting emotions; but he had confidence in the abbot, and he consented to obey him.

"But how is it with us?" asked Nicolas.

"I answer for all," replied Dagobert.

In a few moments more a loud tramp was heard in the court, and very soon Thamar, followed closely by a dozen of his men, entered the apartment.

"Conrad du Nord," he said, drawing his sword, "I arrest you in the king's name!"

"You may put up your sword, sir lieutenant," returned our hero; "for I shall go with you quietly and unconditionally." The presence of the armed men called him back to conscious pride, and he spoke calmly and bravely.

Thamar was evidently surprised at the coolness of the prisoner, who, he supposed, must know that he was going back to certain death; but he received the token of surrender with a bow, and then turned to Nicolas, remarking:

"And you, too, captain, with your followers, I arrest."

Nicolas bowed, and signified that he should offer no resistance to the king's officers; simply adding:

"Since we surrender unconditionally, I presume that we are to be respectfully treated."

Thamar was a soldier; and he had a respect for brave men; so he had no disposition to be unnecessarily severe. His only orders had been to take the prisoner; and this he would do; and he was glad, too, that he could do it so easily, for he had expected much trouble.

"Sir lieutenant," said the abbot, pointing to Francesco, "this good brother and myself are going to Vannes; and we would ride in your company. I trust that you will have no objections."

Thamar recognized the cross of St. Aubin, and he bowed respectfully.

"You are welcome, holy father."

"Thank you, my son. I will go out and see that my horse is in readiness."

In the court Dagobert met a yeoman who had accompanied him from Saint Aubin.

"Pierre," he said, speaking lowly and quickly, "you have a fleet horse, and a stout heart. Haste thee to Vannes with all speed, so as to get there well in advance of this troop. Seek Sir Philip de Savenay, and bid him come forth and meet us on the road. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father."

"Then away with you."

Ere long the yeoman was mounted, and the rate of speed at which he dashed over the road gave token that he duly appreciated the importance of his mission.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

The day was drawing to its close as Thamar approached Vannes with his prisoners. He turned to one of his men, as he beheld the spires of the city, and remarked that he had not calculated upon so speedy a return.

"The prince will not look for us to-night," he added.

"No," responded the other. "His highness probably thinks we are still on the pursuit."

"Very likely," returned Thamar; "for I told him we should not probably reach the fugitives until this day had gone. Ha!—who comes there? It is our captain, as I live; and he has a squadron of the guard with him. What means this?"

"Look!" cried the other speaker. "The old abbot is going to meet him."

It was as had been said. As soon as Sir Philip appeared in the distance, Dagobert, who had been riding well in advance of the cavalcade, put spurs to his horse, and soon joined the knight, with whom he entered into an earnest conversation.

Sir Philip had stopped when the abbot reached him, and he waited there until the lieutenant came up.

"How now, Thamar," he said, riding in front of his subaltern, "you have prisoners?"

The officer could not bring himself to offer slight to his captain, however much he may have wished to pass him with his prize.

"I have prisoners, Sir Philip; and I am conducting them to the city."

"Do you conduct them to the king?"

"The order for their arrest was from the king; but I do not report to him."

"Ah,—to whom do you report?"

"To him through whom the order came."

"You mean the prince?"

"Yes," answered Thamar, reluctantly.

"Then," said Sir Philip, with an authoritative nod of the head, "I will relieve you of your charge."

"How! Relieve me?" gasped the lieutenant, blankly.

"Yes," replied the captain, with another nod. "I will take the prisoners directly to the king."

"But, Captain, I have my orders."

"From whom?" demanded Sir Philip, sternly.

"From the prince."

"Does the prince command the royal guard?"

"But the order was issued by the king."

"And to the king these prisoners shall straightway be carried; so rest you easy on that score." And then Sir Philip added, in a lower tone, and with a look of deep meaning:

"Thamar, *follow not the whelp until the lion is dead!*"

The lieutenant trembled from head to foot; and without further remonstrance he resigned his command to his superior, and fell back with his troop.

Sir Philip, as soon as Thamar had retired, turned to the old abbot, and asked him several questions, which were answered in detail and to the point.

"I understand it now," the gallant knight said, smiting his fist upon the pommel of his saddle, while a bright glow irradiated his features. "By Saint Michael! it is wonderful! You were thoughtful, father, to send for me."

"I had wit enough to see the necessity of that, Sir Philip. Have you seen the duke?"

"Not to speak with him. But he is at his house."

"He must be at the palace."

"So he shall be." And thus speaking, Sir Philip turned to his attendants and beckoned one of them forward.

"Go to the Duke of Rennes, and bid him to

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repair at once to the royal palace, and there await my coming. Also tell him, if he can, to take Marguerite with him. Harcy away, and let your spare drip if need be."

It was with pain the evening when the King of Brittany was informed by his page that he was waited in the audience chamber by the wife of Sir Philip, who was resting upon his hands and knees would have said, but the beholding him, that he was dying. All he had eaten for four-and-twenty hours had been a bite of cracks which had been dying with a morsel from his cupboard for weeks; and his only beverage had been of the water that had been brought to him for washing.

"Who wants me?" he asked.

"The Duke of Rennes sent me for you, sire," he replied. "Is he alone?"

"No. There are several with him. Your captain is there, with the young man called Conrad de Nemi."

"Ha!"

And a white-haired old man, whom I judge to be the Abbott of Saint Justin."

"What!" cried Theobald, starting to his feet; "is it Dagobert?"

"That is his name, sire."

"I will go at once. Good Dagobert, I have need of thee!"

Without further delay the king repaired to the chamber of private audience, which he found well lighted, and where he saw the Duke and Sir Philip, and the young prisoner, and the woman, Marguerite, and several others; but who was towards whom he moved with quick impulse was the Abbott of Saint Justin.

"Dagobert! Dagobert!" he cried, "I am glad you have come! And by the same token I falsely sank upon the aged prelate's bosom, as though he expected to find a protector therein.

"Sire," spoke the abbott, softly, and blessed the king, "if I am of service to you, you may command me; but first I have a matter of most pressing moments to speak to you."

"Yes, Dagobert. You may command me, if you please."

"First, sire,—do you recognize these people who are with me?"

Theobald cast his eye over those present, and hesitated not until he came to Francesca.

"Ha! I know not; and yet, I feel I have seen him."

"He was for many years in the service of your brother Charles. His name is Francesco."

"Ah—I know him now. And where has he been during this long time?"

"You shall know that, sire, else."

Dagobert led the king to his chair of state, and then continued:

"This youth, whom men call Conrad de Nemi, has been once or twice before in your presence. I am able to inform you that, in the examination with him took place, it was proved that he was committed; and I have now come to reveal the truth. Would you know it, sire?"

"Yes."

"But suppose it should cast a mortal stain upon one near and dear to you?"

"I would still desire the stinging dead, holy father."

"I speak of the living, sire."

"Then you mistake," said Theobald, with a sad shake of the head. "I have none near and dear me living!"

A look of relief rested upon Dagobert's face.

"Will you send for the prince, and also for Father Jerome?"

A messenger was dispatched, and ere long Theobald entered the chamber. He stopped when he saw those who were there assembled; and when his eye rested upon Conrad de Nemi, he stamped his foot with rage.

"Sire now? The old wanting detective mixed to come at the business as speedily as possible, "you have been committed hither to witness the converting of a sad mistake with you have made. Upon your shoulders this young man was pronounced the offspring of base conspirators."

"Not upon mine alone, father."

"Your word confirmed his, nevertheless."

"The testimony of Marguerite was with mine."

"Jerome," said the abbott, with some severity, "you must not trifle with this. How could Marguerite's give her testimony?"

The monk was silent.

"Did you not," continued Dagobert, "witness by promise that he should never come to your youth?"

"Can that alter the weight of her confession?" asked Jerome, as though he would defend himself.

"We shall see.—Marguerite, come hither."

The woman approached the middle of the joint.

"My daughter," pursued the abbott, answer me truly what I shall ask. Circumstances have arisen which render it almost of importance impossible, and I release you from your vows. Why did you tell the king that Conrad de Nemi was the child of Marcus and Marguerite?"

"I but told him all I knew, father."

"How?" demanded Theobald, with a start of surprise.

"When I was alone with Father Jerome and the prince," continued Marguerite, timidly and meekly, "I may have spoken thus falsely; for I knew that he would tell it to the king, and that he must have stood come to my boy if he proved to be the child of Marcellus. They said he would be sent out of the country. So, to save him, I spoke as I did. I was ignorant of all with which I gave in his mother. But when I came before the king I was more mindful of my words. I said that I bore away the infant child of Marcellus, this same boy from the battle of Marengo, which was true. And then, the interpreter, nodding before the king, asked, and I answered yes, yes. I spoke truly, for I saved both the children."

"Both?"

"Both, sire," interposed Dagobert. "I must speak now. Listen to me, all of you, and I will tell you a story. Will your majesty send for your secretary, with instructions that he bring with him the records of the realm as far back as five-and-twenty years?"

A messenger was dispatched, and while he was gone all was silent in the audience chamber.

The prince chafed and fretted, and tore his fingers into the folds of his doublet; but he did not speak. Conrad de Nemi stood by the side of Francesco, his heart throbbing till its pulsations were distinctly audible; for the moment was one of terrible interest to him.

By and by the secretary came, bearing under his arm two large books; and when he had saluted the king, he was directed to attend to the abbott.

"Legible," said the prelate, calling the secretary by name, "I wish you to refer to your records, and inform me when Marcellus de Marcellus were executed."

The secretary opened one of his books, and when he had found the record, and calculated a while, he answered:

"The event occurred four-and-twenty years and one months ago."

"Four-and-twenty years and one month, you say?"

"Yes, holy father."

"Now look and inform us when Mary of Anjou, the wife of Duke Charles, died."

The secretary again referred to the records, and answered:

"Mary of Anjou died three-and-twenty years ago lacking two months."

"So that," said Dagobert, "between the execution of the conspirators and the death of Mary of Anjou, there elapsed one year and three months?"

"Yes, father."

"Sire—Sir Philip de Surrey—my lord of Rennes," pursued the abbott, "you were all acquainted with the honored Duke Charles. Now tell me—when did Marguerite leave her service?"

"Marguerite was with the duchess to the last," said Sir Philip.

"Aye," added the king. "I remember that I found her kneeling by the dead body of the duchess, in the chamber of mourning."

"And then," pursued the abbott, "how far it clearly proved that for over a year, at least, after the disappearance of the child Marcellus, Marguerite was with Mary of Anjou."

"Good father," cried the king, with intense eagerness, "what do you aim at? Keep me not in the dark."

"Sire," replied Dagobert, with a strange shudder passed over his aged frame, "prepare yourself for a wonderful revelation."

You cannot surprise me more than you have already done, sir," said Theobald.

"Be not too sure of that, sire. It is thus that I have to speak."

The abbott moved a step forward, and then continued:

"Four-and-twenty years ago, and two months over, your wife, the Queen Theresa, gave birth to a son. You, sire, were then in Italy, and your people gave thanks unto God. You had willed long years for an heir, and you knew not that of plotting away your power, when this happy event transpired. Your wife, she knew not of your joy in your heart, a cloud came over the gladness of Theresa. The first child was dead. She knew that it must die. She sent for me to come to her. I was in the convent, and I had come on her physician. The child was dying when I reached her; and I did all that I could for it, even to promise her that I would keep the sickness of her infant a secret. Was I right in this? But she would not explain; only she begged me to promise. I did so. I told her that I would not speak of it without her consent. On the following day I was visited by my friend Mary of Anjou, and her nursing-woman Marguerite, with the queen, the child was dead. It had just breathed its last; and even then my soul and still upon its mother's breast. Theresa sank upon her knees before me, and prayed that I would keep it secret. I did so, for her wiser secret she meant. She answered me, that the king must not know that his son was dead. At least, she would have me speak no word until she gave permission. I consented to this, and went away.

"Now, sire, you know, the Count Marcus, and his wife Marcellus, had been convicted and executed for treason against your majesty. The children had been sent to the care of the queen, and Marguerite as a nurse. Even as the letter came that was dying the queen received a note from Marcellus, containing these words: *We die for the throne, and our child shall live.* Can you wonder, sire, that a strange thought entered the queen's mind? It was natural for her to let you know this you had no son. She did not stop to reflect, as she did next week, when she first trusted the duchess and Marguerite. Her own dead infant was taken away, and the child of Marcellus to take its place! A few days passed, and upon her death bed she confessed to me what she had done. She confessed to me what she had done. She confessed to me what she had done. She

HYMN OF THE GREEKS FOR THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

We were few yet but resolute shall blight our bones
With sacred gelds through all the coming years,
For with the patriots of our Land each stone
Is stamped on holy Ossa's peaks of fame:—
Mother, 'tis your dead boys!

II.

Have glorious our olden hearts dwelt
Beyond dark Styx on fields of asphodel!
With them, all honored—yea, with pride—you'll be
To those embowed watery of eternity!—
Mark, on the upside world!

III.

What boundless joy, when fabulous monsters there,
Make more glorious the Elysian's air
Where ye remember that in wars of those
Who buried blest death on sacred Greece's foot—
Sleep, sing their worth!

IV.

O gloomy souls, such as its heroic might,
Glean who that dark, fixed stream your smiles of light!
And if ye in shoals pale the pure stream,
Breathe, breathe your own immortal names!—
Mark, mark through Greece!

FREAKS OF THE GUILLOTINE.

FROM THE FRENCH BY ALICE GRIFFITH.

We had all assembled in the large drawing-room, after dinner: the pale moon shining through the unCurtained windows, and the flickering flame of the wood fire alone were our light. The conversation turned upon a statement made by Dr. Lodra, in the presence of his wife, that by a man who had brutally murdered his wife by cutting off her head with a new knife. This man maintained that the head, after being entirely severed from the trunk, lived about half a minute, doctor ridiculed the idea.

"You believe, then," said M. Ledru, "that M. Guillotin was right in affirming that his machine was his friend. He would not have invented painful method of terminating human life?"

"Most certainly."

"Permit me to say that you are mistaken."

"On what ground?"

Something in the tones of M. Ledru had induced us to gather about the two gentlemen, and to listen with eager attention to their conversation.

"It is an easy matter to demonstrate to any one," resumed M. Ledru, "that the many accurate notion of the structure of the human frame, that all sensation is not instantaneously destroyed by the ax. That, however, Doctor, is not at present my intention. My opinions are not mere theories, but are founded upon facts—facts that have come under my own personal observation. Let me begin by citing the well known historical incident connected with the death of Charlotte Corday.

"I was present at her execution.

"At ten in the afternoon I took my post near the Statue of Liberty. It was a warm day in July. The Atmosphere was heavy, and thunder-ing clouds gathered rapidly in the south. At last the first thunder was heard, at the moment, it was said, that Charlotte left her prison. She had been torn from her cell while a young artist was making a sketch of her. He carried on his labors for ten minutes more; but long, as it threatened, the storm refused to break. At last, while, word for the which—

"The thunder burst with terrible crash to the ground on which the multitude stood; but nothing could disperse the various crowd. The women greeted Charlotte with yells and curses. I heard the roar of the infuriated populace, and full them swaying from side to side before I could see any thing. Presently the fact appeared, and I saw the condemned woman for the first time. She was a beautiful girl of twenty-seven years, with magnificent eyes. Her scorn and lips were wonderfully regular. She stood upright. Her hand thrown back, not so much with the scorn implied, by her attitude as by the manner in which her hands were tied behind her back.

"The rain had ceased to fall; but the three quarters of an hour in which she had been exposed to its fury had served to saturate the woolen robe she wore, which now clung to her perfect figure, permitting its rounded, unfolding grace to be clearly visible. This loose cot garment, in which she had been condemned to execution, gave a singular expression and marvellous splendor to the haughty head crowned by the wealth of dark glossy hair. As she mounted the cart, the rain ceased, as I then said; and a ray of sunlight piercing the clouds, rested on her hair and shone about her head like a halo.

"I assure you, murderous as she was, and much as I abhorred the crime, I found it difficult to decide whether the fair young creature about to be executed was a punishment or a martyrdom. When her eyes rested on the guillotine she turned slightly pale; but she quickly recovered her self possession, and smiled as she looked at the multitude. The cart stopped, and she was permitted no one to assist her as she ascended the steps of the scaffold, supported from the rain. She moved quickly, though encumbered by the long trailing folds of the robe she wore. Then the executioner touched her throat as he made an attempt to remove the handkerchief about it, she turned pale again; but, as before, a sweet smile followed. It grew like to the executioner's cowardice, and she herself, without a moment's hesitation, placed her head on the block. The ax fell, the head rolled on the platform below; and now mark my words, Doctor, not long, my point, listen to me!—it was then that a man, one of his ancient executioners, Legros by name, lifted his head by the hair, and, with vile celebration to the populace, struck it on the cheek. Was this denied, not only the cheek that received the blow, but both, and the how even to the roots of the hair, were crimsoned with the deep glow. For the last of Charlotte Corday was still conscious, and knew and felt the indignity to which she was subjected.

"The people saw this blush, and they took the part of the dead against the living—of the victim against the executioner—and shouted for vengeance. The wretch was carried off to prison."

"One moment more," said M. Ledru, as she doctor was about to speak. "This is not all. I wished to know what motives this man had for the disgraceful act he had committed, and obtained permission from the authorities to visit him at the Abbaye, where he was confined. He would not comprehend why he was punished for a thing which seemed to him, as he said, so natural.

"When I asked his reasons for his act he laughed aloud.

"'I belong to the Marat party, and I wished to punish her on my own account.

"'But, said I, 'do you not understand that such a violation of the respect due to the dead is almost a crime?'

"'What!' said Legros, 'do you believe that those who have been guillotined die at once?'

"'Unquestionably!'

"Then you had better take a look into the basket where they all fit together! Then you could see them frown and grind their teeth for five or ten minutes after the execution; and I should not be at all surprised some fine day to hear one of the aristocrats—one of the heads, you understand—shout out 'Vive le Roi!'

"I knew all that I wished to know, and went away pursued by an idea. If it were true that these heads lived after being severed from their bodies, I determined to ascertain the fact for myself."

During this recital of M. Ledru's, the salon had grown very dark. We were quite silent, as we moved to ring for candles lest he should cease speaking; for we all understood that this account of Charlotte Corday's execution was only an introduction to something still more terrible.

After a few moments silence, M. Ledru resumed:

I left the Abbaye, and, as I crossed La Place Terreaux, I heard the shriek of a woman. I quickened my steps, and saw by the faint moonlight a woman struggling in the grasp of the night police. She saw me, and instantly detecting by my air and costume that I was not precisely a man of the people, threw herself into my arms.

"M. Albert!" she cried, "tell them you know me, and that I am the daughter of Mother Ledru, the washerwoman. I and she had not with a firm grasp, as the shipwrecked sailor clutches the plank that floats him ashore. He did silently.

"You say to the daughter of Mother Ledru, little one," cried a rough sans culotte; "but you have not your certificate of citizenship, and so you may just make up your mind to go with us."

The girl shuddered. I felt all the terror and despair of her heart as she clung to me.

As she had called me by the first name that occurred to her, I felt free to find my own; and I presented itself to me.

"What is it, my dear Loisinge! What is the matter?"

"Here! do you see, gentlemen?" she said. "It seems to me you would do better to call me citizeness."

"Listen, she!" said the young girl; "it is not my fault if I possess a name. My mother and myself are all belonged to the great world; she taught me to be polished, instructed me in those habits of civility; but will do my best to get rid of them."

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In this reply there was a ray of mockery that I could not understand. The washerwoman was not a word had elsewhere uttered between us to lead me to such a belief.

Loisinge took a rose in La Rue Turenne;—for so the streets had been named in the Revolution,—and I was then, and, every day we wrote to each other, and every day we met.

"Will you accompany me?" he asked.

"I will follow you to the end of the world!"

"Must accompany me?" he asked.

"I will follow you to the end of the world!"

"Will you

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

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PREPARATIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY TO RE-OPEN THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

ANOTHER INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

ARTICLE SECOND.

BY ZEDALIAH BUNKUM.

One of the most characteristic features of the Confederacy is the insincerity of its pretexts and professions. Nothing could be more natural than a friend to political history. Thus it claimed to be founded on the right of every territory to regulate, within his entered into a union to secede at pleasure. Their new constitution, in imitation of that of the United States, in every thing that can be supposed to shape or color a right, and most certainly State-rights are not less carefully guarded for by the former than by the latter. Two years had not elapsed from the organization of the Confederate government, before its President orders the expulsion of two foreign consular agents from the country of a State, for simply for asking the governor and a member of Texas if it would not be for the advantage of that State to secede.

Again, the pretended motive for seceding urged at home is, that the institution of slavery in the Southern States is menaced by the growing strength of the anti-slavery sentiment in the free States, which has resulted at last in the election of an anti-slavery President. After having wrought their declared influence to such effect on this subject, they send their emissaries abroad, and in order to deprive the government and the loyal people of the Union of the sympathy of Europe, they maintain that slavery has nothing to do with the controversy; that it was perfectly safe under the old Constitution; that the tariff was the great grievance; that what they entirely object to is the coercion of the South to remain in the Union, and to subjugate its inhabitants as dead as possible to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but actually forbidden by law under the old Union, is forbidden by the Constitution of the Confederacy!

Can anything go beyond the audacious fraud of these pretenses? Then, there is a degree of dishonesty which transcends them. Europe, after inflicting many perfidiations, which seem baked hardly possible, or in order to take the accumulation in their own mind, begins gradually to tolerate a wish, that a stipulation against reopening the African Slave-trade should be imposed upon the future act of recognition. This suggestion has thrown the Confederate Congress into a panic, and it has just produced on the subject of the secession of Texas. Extended remarks in my future as correspondent, I have submitted back country behind them, and dreaming of the subjugation of Mexico and Central America, the leaders of the Confederacy contemplate, as a certified feature of their policy, the re-opening of the State-trade on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. The magnitude of making a prohibition of that traffic the condition on which Europe will treat with the new dependence, has accordingly filled the leaders with dismay; and the subject of the earliest Secretary of State (Mr. Benjamin) has been put in requisition to parry the blow. The manner in which this is attempted to be done, may be seen in his intercepted despatch of the 15th January, 1862, to Mr. Lamar, the Confederate minister at St. Petersburg, stated above, and which being given to their other agents abroad. The letter is published in the Diplomatic Intelligencer of the 21st March last, and a choicer specimen of rigmarole will not easily be found. The writer, Mr Lamar to enter into any negotiations, which may be proposed, for the purpose of stipulating for the prohibition of the African Slave-trade, and the reasons assigned is, that the people and the governors the Confederate government no power over the subject. It is true, it prohibits the Slave-trade, and directs their Congress "to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent" the same. One would suppose that these very provisions of the constitution would furnish the best possible warrant to the treaty-making power for engaging the faith of the country to the abolition of bullion with foreign governments. But the sagacity of government spells everything backward, and because the traffic is forbidden by their constitution, and because Congress is required to pass laws to prevent it, therefore, the treaty-making power is barred from entering into any stipulations on the subject with foreign powers.

The absurdity of this argument is too glaring to merit comment. If the entire constitutional code of the Virginia school of politicians used to vacillate, that the execution of treaties, on certain subjects of a legislative character, was subject to the discretion of Congress; but that the fact that Congress was specifically required to legislate on a subject previously forbidden, invested power from entering into stipulations with a foreign government to effect the same end, is an extravagance reserved for occasion only.

Such, however, is the case, and in the letter Mr. Benjamin's intercepted letter is to forbid the Confederate agents abroad, from entering into any stipulations against the African Slave-trade. In the conclusion, he says: "You know therefore that no unnecessary discussions on the matter will be introduced into your negotiation. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove ill-founded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side, and transfer them to us at home, where in each event, they could be conducted with greater facility and advantage, under the direct supervision of the President." With what facility or to what advantage a negotiation could

anywhere be conducted, on a subject which is by the constitution excluded from negotiation, is not so clear.

It will readily occur to the reader, that nothing but a foregone determination to re-open the trade, would have led the Confederate government, sanctum as it is to obtain the recognition of foreign powers, thus to refuse to pledge the public faith against its re-opening, even as a condition of recognition.

But it may be asked, inasmuch as the Confederate constitution forbids the importation of slaves from Africa, how could the trade be re-opened? This question is easily answered. When the constitution of the United States, the slavery embraced only the cotton-growing States, and the great object was to draw the free States, and especially Virginia as the most influential of them, into the vortex. The domestic Slave-trade is the great interest of Virginia; it brings her fifty millions a year, and is her most important branch of her commerce. When the constitution of the Confederacy was in process of formation at Montgomery, it was decided, without reserve, that if Virginia and the other Border States refused to join the Cotton States, the domestic Slave-trade should be prohibited; *the clause of the constitution which forbids the African Slave-trade, should be abrogated*, as the necessary supply, which was estimated by the committee of the Cotton Congress at 50,000 or 40,000 slaves annually, should be drawn from Africa. In the very moment of organizing the Confederate government, although the African Slave-trade was forbidden, the organization was accompanied by a further provision, that the Confederate government should have power to the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or territory not belonging to the Confederacy." It was mainly by this clause that Virginia was whipped into the vortex.

When therefore Mr. Benjamin elaborately descants on the difficulty of amending the constitution, as an assurance that nothing of that kind is to be attempted, he either wilfully misimagines that the world will forget, that a threat to amend this provision of the Constitution was concur with its adoption; and that having once got a stark grasp of power, they would not, for a million, there is nothing to prevent its abrogation, and the re-opening the African Slave-trade, *whenever the supposed interest of the Cotton and Sugar growing States should require it*. *The Republic of the Confederacy over the Slave-breeding interests of the Border Slave States.*

Whether therefore the foreign Slave-trade is to be re-opened by the abrogation of a clause, or a feature of the Confederate Constitution which prohibits it, depends altogether on the degree of power between the Cotton and Sugar growing States, and the Slave-breeding States. The Constitution, by the sheer force of audacity of purpose, and violence of action, and of terrorism, has been carried by orders, have prevailed, and Virginia has been reluctantly compelled to follow in their train. The last man of her leaders who earnestly opposed to secession, and if there perchance be remaining a small band of patriots in the Old Dominion, they are overawed by the power of the Confederacy to Richmond, and to absorb the Slave-breeding interests of the Border States should be re-opened and the domestic Slave-trade prohibited, before the African trade was reinstated into the Confederacy.

It is possible, however, that the influence of Virginia and of the other Border Slave States may not be sufficient to secure the re-opening of the African Slave-trade, even after the abrogation of the Constitution. To meet such contingency, the Cotton States, for the accomplishment of their favorite measure, have had in training for some time, a body of troops in the tropical regions, have another expedition in reserve, and this is the real public doctrine of Secession, which is their constitution, is the individual property of the people of the several States. It is well known that they professed with reference to the Slave-trade, to wish to repeal the Constitution; the Government of the United States (they said) was about to force them to oppose it; it was at all times as much within the discretion of a State to withdraw from the Union as to enter it.

The wonderful power of this doctrine was, of course, not exhausted when the States seceded. They have since claimed the right to stay away from the Union. At all their public lectures in Europe, it is one of the topics of eulogium or opposed by them. Whenever, therefore, it shall be found that the re-opening of the trade tends to re-open the African Slave-trade, nothing will be more natural than for the people of the Cotton seats—South Carolina, Louisiana, or Texas, for instance—to declare that they will not allow the importation of slaves from Africa. No attempt will be made to coerce them into a new loyalty. The growing States to enforce the laws against the domestic Slave-trade, and to have the African Slave-trade will be re-established as extensively as the consumption requires, by the mere action of the States and the demands of the new Empire may require. Secession will be found to be a principle which rests entirely within the competence of each and every State, by which it may be set aside at pleasure, and the friendly relations between the seceding States and the rest of the United States may be at once restored. The experiment will probably be collusive. There will be no permanent standing with one of the States most probably South Carolina, that she shall secede from the Confederacy, and enter into an arrangement that her political relations with her sister States are in other respects to remain unchanged. If it is found that any laws which may have been passed by the Confederate Congress are an obstruction in the way of procuring slaves through this channel, it will, of course, be repealed as soon as such and every State to ratify those laws which its interests, that promise to secure to it the most beneficial regimen, contrived in the Cabinets founded, to reduce a government of slaves to the most servile condition of humanity.

That a government, founded as it is distinct contemplation was made apparent in the elaborate letter of Mr. Rhett, the late Secretary of War, to Forbin of Louisiana, published in the *Charleston Mercury* of February 21, 1861. In this letter, an acknowledged leader of the Secession policy unanimously elected by the people of Charleston to the Convention which decreed the secession of South Carolina, and which framed the first act to secure the co-operation of Florida. His letter is an emphatic exposition of the public policy of the Confederate Constitution which prohibits the African Slave-trade, and which they have since confidently predicts that, if that prohibition is abrogated in a few years, it will be done without revolution. I would earnestly request each of the gentlemen who are about to engage in the profitable-seeing projects for the revival of the African Slave-trade, to read the extracts from Mr. Spratt's letter in the *National Intelligencer* of the 16 of April last, or still better the whole letter in the *Intelligencer* of the 19th February, 1861.

I call it a "*far-reaching*" project, but in the intention of the leaders of the rebellion, its execution is to be delayed only till their recognition as an independent government has been effected. In the face of the promises they have had the assurance to give to foreign powers of their intentions to open to the constitutional prohibition of the African Slave-trade, and even as rapidly as possible to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and prepare the way for their early emancipation, nothing is more certain than that the recognition of their independence will be followed by the re-opening of that traffic by an amendment to the constitution, or if not, it will be effected, by the erection of a new government, as Washington's declaration to the agents of the Confederacy abroad are designed to preclude any obstacle to their policy, in the shape of a hesitation with foreign powers; and the ways of fifty-seven millions of the loose of human sympathy.

1860-1, against Mr. Kibridge's candidate, show that the people of the Southern States are regarded by them purely as one of expediency. Even in the minority report of Mr. Pengrew, described in my last article, the re-opening of the African Slave-trade is opposed on grounds of prudential and economical grounds.

Should the leaders entertain this object, it would be removed by the recital declarations of Mr. Rhett.* That gentleman and his associates in Europe have been very likes of statesmen, and have been followed by the Mr. Rhetts as ministers for the immediate authorization, and States, the domestic Slave-trade should be prohibited; *the clause of the constitution which forbids the African Slave-trade, should be abrogated*, as the necessary supply, which was estimated by the committee of the Cotton Congress at 50,000 or 40,000 slaves annually, should be drawn from Africa. In the very moment of organizing the Confederate government, although the African Slave-trade was forbidden, the organization was accompanied by a further provision, that the Confederate government should have power to the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or territory not belonging to the Confederacy." It was mainly by this clause that Virginia was whipped into the vortex.

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The wonderful power of this doctrine was, of course, not exhausted when the States seceded. They have since claimed the right to stay away from the Union. At all their public lectures in Europe, it is one of the topics of eulogium or opposed by them. Whenever, therefore, it shall be found that the re-opening of the trade tends to re-open the African Slave-trade, nothing will be more natural than for the people of the Cotton seats—South Carolina, Louisiana, or Texas, for instance—to declare that they will not allow the importation of slaves from Africa. No attempt will be made to coerce them into a new loyalty. The growing States to enforce the laws against the domestic Slave-trade, and to have the African Slave-trade will be re-established as extensively as the consumption requires, by the mere action of the States and the demands of the new Empire may require. Secession will be found to be a principle which rests entirely within the competence of each and every State, by which it may be set aside at pleasure, and the friendly relations between the seceding States and the rest of the United States may be at once restored. The experiment will probably be collusive. There will be no permanent standing with one of the States most probably South Carolina, that she shall secede from the Confederacy, and enter into an arrangement that her political relations with her sister States are in other respects to remain unchanged. If it is found that any laws which may have been passed by the Confederate Congress are an obstruction in the way of procuring slaves through this channel, it will, of course, be repealed as soon as such and every State to ratify those laws which its interests, that promise to secure to it the most beneficial regimen, contrived in the Cabinets founded, to reduce a government of slaves to the most servile condition of humanity.

That a government, founded as it is distinct contemplation was made apparent in the elaborate letter of Mr. Rhett, the late Secretary of War, to Forbin of Louisiana, published in the *Charleston Mercury* of February 21, 1861. In this letter, an acknowledged leader of the Secession policy unanimously elected by the people of Charleston to the Convention which decreed the secession of South Carolina, and which framed the first act to secure the co-operation of Florida. His letter is an emphatic exposition of the public policy of the Confederate Constitution which prohibits the African Slave-trade, and which they have since confidently predicts that, if that prohibition is abrogated in a few years, it will be done without revolution. I would earnestly request each of the gentlemen who are about to engage in the profitable-seeing projects for the revival of the African Slave-trade, to read the extracts from Mr. Spratt's letter in the *National Intelligencer* of the 16 of April last, or still better the whole letter in the *Intelligencer* of the 19th February, 1861.

I call it a "*far-reaching*" project, but in the intention of the leaders of the rebellion, its execution is to be delayed only till their recognition as an independent government has been effected. In the face of the promises they have had the assurance to give to foreign powers of their intentions to open to the constitutional prohibition of the African Slave-trade, and even as rapidly as possible to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and prepare the way for their early emancipation, nothing is more certain than that the recognition of their independence will be followed by the re-opening of that traffic by an amendment to the constitution, or if not, it will be effected, by the erection of a new government, as Washington's declaration to the agents of the Confederacy abroad are designed to preclude any obstacle to their policy, in the shape of a hesitation with foreign powers; and the ways of fifty-seven millions of the loose of human sympathy.

1860-1, against Mr. Kibridge's candidate, show that the people of the Southern States are regarded by them purely as one of expediency. Even in the minority report of Mr. Pengrew, described in my last article, the re-opening of the African Slave-trade is opposed on grounds of prudential and economical grounds.

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"My policy with us is humble enough.

The second of his reasons, however, is sufficient to show that the leaders of the rebellion, in saying that the intention of re-opening the Slave-trade, so soon as they should be recognized as a nation, is merely contemplated by the leaders of the Slave-growing States. The Border States is destined to disappear society, or to be modified like all human things, but not so soon as the surface of the water enclosed by the pail of the Slave-trade, and the Slave-breeding States on the great sea on boundless and insignificant waves. The Slave-trade will be re-opened when it is under their feet.

The letter to the accredited agents of Liberia, which I published in the *Herald* of yesterday, struggling frontier who were likewise have given rise to the suspicion that the Confederacy goes while thinking those who might only lend them the sympathies of depravity which they have not, of "a man overboard?" at an instantly rescue other expedition in reserve, and this is the public doctrine of Secession, which is their constitution, is the individual property of the people of the several States. It is well known that they professed with reference to the Slave-trade, to wish to repeal the Constitution; the Government of the United States (they said) was about to force them to oppose it; it was at all times as much within the discretion of a State to withdraw from the Union as to enter it.

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When therefore Mr. Benjamin elaborately descants on the difficulty of amending the constitution, as an assurance that nothing of that kind is to be attempted, he either wilfully misimagines that the world will forget, that a threat to amend this provision of the Constitution was concur with its adoption; and that having once got a stark grasp of power, they would not, for a million, there is nothing to prevent its abrogation, and the re-opening the African Slave-trade, *whenever the supposed interest of the Cotton and Sugar growing States should require it*. *The Republic of the Confederacy over the Slave-breeding interests of the Border Slave States.*

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OUR OWN SOLDIER-BOY.

BY MARY DOONEY.

He loved his country: when she called, went forth—
His strong young heart, exulting with within his breast—
To save her from a traitor's hand
Are still advancing; still the foul example
With scoffed tramp, and shock of settled arms.
On each contested field the dead lock up
By thousands—lines of thousands—lock straight up,
Through tangled dust and blood-stained turf, to fall.
Who holds the lines. Scarce one household hearth
But lacked some light from eyes as set
In death's ruin, waiting wonder. We miss ours.
A chair stands empty in its wonted place,
A shadow falls across the floor, and lo—
Our soldier-boy is not! Our soldier-boy!
Where is he now? Where is he now?
When work is done—his soul to death between
Us and the fo.

Oh, God! by trees this side—
By blood of husband, father, brother, sons,
So freely offered, lose us for our cause;
Our children lead to one loyal aim.
Wherever filled, leak the hearts freed.
Our soldier-boy. Make its care a thing
Of God and health, and still whisper to
Our soldier-boy. Make its care a thing
Be buried not buckled. Then, and till all then,
The nation's flag shall float without a stain;
Then white and starry stuff shall live alone
On record, telling how achieves a truth
We fought for, and how gained its stature!

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ISHMAEL'S FIRST STEP ON THE LADDER.

Lowly and poor, despised and hated,
I wear a name other men abhor,
Yet none the pith it adds. DRYDEN.

Early the next morning the Professor made his appearance at the Hill Hut. Ishmael and Hannah had risen betimes, and the boy was helping his aunt to get the wasp in the room for a nice piece of cloth.

"Morning, Miss Hannah; morning, young Ishmael! I hope you are wasted, sir, to the Hall this morning, and I am come to fetch you," said the Professor, as he stood within the door, and he hand.

"Yes, I thought I would be; there must be no end of the rubbish to clear away, and the work to do to have been now, and I know you would be expecting me to help you, and so I meant to go up to your house as soon as ever I had done helping Aunt to put the wasp in her room," answered Ishmael, simply.

"Oh, you think you are wanted only to be set to work, do you? All right! But now as we are in a hurry, I'll just feed a hand to the little job, and help it as a bit." And with that the Professor took off his coat, and, bringing it at the other, began to aid Hannah with each good will that the job seem done.

"And now, young Ishmael, get your hat and come along. We must be going."

But now, Hannah, who had been for too much interested in the boon to stop to think of the arrangements were complete, found time to ask:

"What about the fire at Bonnell, Mr. Ross?"

"Didn't young Ishmael tell you, ma'am?" inquired the Professor.

"Very little! I was asleep when he came in, and when I was awake I was so much alarmed and bewildered and his behavior all accounted, so distracted, and I asked him only a few questions, and had been doing to himself, he said, that there had been a fire at the Hall; but I think I was not just before every good damage had been done; nothing but that old wing, that they talked about pulling down, burnt, as if to save them the trouble," answered Hannah.

"Well, ma'am, that was a cheerful way of putting it, certainly; and in what a little time there wasn't much damage done, as the wing as was found has become to be pulled down this very spring. But did young Ishmael tell you here he answered his injuries?"

"No; but I suppose of course he got them, step-like, bobbing about among the flames, where he had no business to be!"

Ma'am, he got burnt in saving Commodore Burgho's wife, who was fast asleep in that burning wing! Mrs. Middleton offered freedom to any slave who would venture through the burning house to wake them up, and, get them out. Not a man would run the risk. Then she offered freedom, not only to say slave, but also to his wife and children of any slave who would go in and save the boys. Not a man would venture! And when all the women were in a howling like a pack of she-wolves, what does your nephew do but rush back to burning wing, and up to the boys and convey them out! Just in time, too! for they were sleeping in the closet next to the burning room, and in two minutes after they got out, the floor of the room fell in!" said Mr. Ross.

"You did that! You!" exclaimed Hannah, aghastonish. "Oh! you bad, wicked, ungrateful, heedless boy! to do such a thing as that, when you know if you had been burnt to death it would have broken my heart! And you, Professor! you are just as bad as he is, you and worse too, because you are older and ought to have more sense! The boy was in your care! really care you took of him to let him rush right into the fire!"

"Ma'am, if you'll only let me get in a word edgeways like, I will tell you all about it. I did try to hinder him! I reasoned with him, and I held him tight, until my patience failed me, and I went—turned upon me and hit me in the face; yes, ma'am, administered a 'scientific' right hander, and broke away and threw from me and rushed into the burning house——"

"Well, that thought better than the Professor should have a black eye, than the boys should be burned to death," put in Aunt Hannah.

"Oh, Ishmael! Ishmael! this is all dreadful! You will have to be hung, I know you will!" sobbed Hannah.

"Well, maybe so. Sir William Wallace died," coolly replied the boy.

"What in the name of goodness set you on to do such a wild thing? And all for old Burgho's sons that, I warrant me they lay you that you should rush through burning flames to save them?"

"Nothing, Aunt Hannah; only I felt quite sure that, Peter Cottenger and Jerry Hancock have done just as I did, and so——"

"Plague take Peter Cottenger and Jerad Marlow, and also Patrick Hancock, and the whole lot of 'em! Thank goodness that they should run your head into the fire for them! They wouldn't take it for you, that I know!" exclaimed Hannah, in a fury.

"Aunt Hannah," said Ishmael, pathetically, "you have got their names all wrong, and you always do! Now, if you would only take my book and read it while you are resting in your chair, you would soon learn all their names, and——"

"I'll take the book and throw it into the fire the very first time I lay my hands upon it! The fiendish book will be your ruin yet!" exclaimed Hannah in a rage.

"Now, Miss Worth," interposed the Professor, "if you destroy that boy's book, I'll never do another odd job for you as long as ever I live!"

"Whish! Professor," whispered Ishmael. "You don't know my Aunt Hannah as well as I do. For back in a day or two she has been kind! I you only know how many times she has threatened to "shake the life out of me, and to be the death of" me, and to 'dry' me 'alive,' you would know the value of her words."

"Well, young Ishmael, you are the best judge of that matter of mine. And now are you ready? For, indeed, we haven't any more time to spare. We ought to have been at the Hall before this."

"Why, Professor, I have been ready and waiting for the last ten minutes."

"Come along, then. And now, Miss Hannah, you take a fool's advice and don't scold your young Ishmael any more about last night's work. He has done a brave act, and he has saved the commodore's sons without running in any harm by it. And, if he hasn't made his everlasting fortune, he has done himself a great deal of credit and made some very powerful friends. And that I tell you! You wait and see!" said Mr. Ishmael as he left the hut, followed by Ishmael.

The morning was clear and bright after the rain. As they emerged into the open air, Ishmael naturally raised his eyes and threw a glance across the valley to Bradenell Heights. The main building was standing intact, though darkened; and a smoke, small in volume as the door-stack is now, was rising from the ruins of the burnt wing.

Ishmael had only time to observe this before they descended the narrow path that led through the wooded valley. They walked on in perfect silence until the Professor, noticing the unusual taciturnity of his companion, said:

"What is the matter with you, young Ishmael? You haven't opened your mouth since the left the hut!"

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ISHMAEL AND THE COMMODORE.

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"Oh, Professor, I am thinking of Aunt Hannah. I'm afraid to bear her roll about the great bronze as she does. It is flat blasphemy," replied the boy solemnly.

"Hum, ha, well, but you see, young Ishmael, though I remember that there is no sense in a dumpee your enthusiasm for great bronzes, yet the truth is the truth; and that compels me to say that you do fall into words and deeds that seem odd bronze a little too superstitiously. Why, how my boy, there wasn't over the old in twelve years of age, had any more coverage or bronze than you had last night! and even I am much."

"Oh, Professor, don't say that! don't it is almost as bad as anything Aunt Hannah says of them. You see, you are not educated great boy hood with me. History tells what they were, and——" began Ishmael.

"I don't want to hear about 'em, boy, for certain! I know that I haven't seen so much good bronze, Professor, when I was in that burning house, I saw Commodore Burgho's wife and the smoke rolling into the passage and heard the fire roaring as near as I did, and even I am ashamed to own it, but I will, because I know George Washington always owned his faults when he was a boy—once, I say, I saw tempted by envy and bronze to do what is bad, sir."

"But you didn't do it, my lad. And you were not the less cowardly because you bore the danger that you freely met. You are brave, Ishmael, and good and wise as you are brave."

"Oh, Professor, I know you believe so, else you wouldn't say so, but I can not help thinking that if I really were good I shouldn't vex Aunt Hannah as I do."

"Humph," said the Professor.

"And then if I were wise, I would always know right from wrong."

"Humph!" said Mr. Ross.

"No, Professor; because last night when I ran into the burning house I knew that what I thought I was doing right; and when the ladies so kindly thanked me, I felt sure that I was right; but this morning, when Aunt Hannah scolded me, I doubted."

"My boy, listen to the cousins of experience. Do what your own conscience approves, do not be afraid to hear others blame or say, right, and never mind what others think or say. I, who have been your guide up to this time, will now leave you to your self-guidance for a while, and I will begin to see how you like them!" finally demanded the old sailor.

"Oh, sir, I shall be glad to do not trouble yourself——"

"But you spread the fifth of my boys, you proud little rascal! and do you suppose I am going to let that matter pass unnoticed?"

"Sir, I am glad the young gentlemen are safe; that is enough for me——"

"But I'll be the test if it is enough for me!"

"Commodore Burgho, sir, will you allow me to explain?" said the master of the Professor, coming forward, but to lead.

"I would not like to see you!—Oh, I see! the active-in-general to the country side! Well, sir, what do you require of me?" said the Commodore.

"If I might be so bold as, it would be to have your pardon for this boy."

"Send him to school! Ha, ha, ha! no, no, no! why, sir, he has saved the lives of my boys! Why, he's consider that the most magnificent of all rewards! Ha, ha, ha! Send him to school! Ha, ha, ha! to school for *punishment, sir, for reward!*" laughed the Commodore.

"Young Ishmael wouldn't think it a punishment, sir, to go to school, I'm sure," said Mr. Ross.

"I tell you he wouldn't, my young friend! pursuits or no pursuits! Why I am ashamed to make my own fellows go! Hell! I know boys! what is their pleasure!"

"But, under correction, sir, permit me to say I don't think you know young Ishmael——"

"I know he is a boy! that's enough!"

"But, sir, for the future as compare boy."

"In that case he has an uncommon aversion to school!"

"Sir, put it to him, whether he would like to go to school!"

"What's the use, when I know he'd rather be hung?"

"But, pray, give him the choice, sir," respectfully solicited the Professor.

"What a solicitous, importunate jackanapes you are to be sure, Morris! But I will put it to him,—as you call it! Hoa, you young devil-seize! come here to me."

The boy who had modestly withdrawn into the back ground, now came forward.

"Stand up before me; hold up your head; look me in the face! Now, then, answer me truly and don't be afraid. Would you like to go to school, sir?"

Ishmael did not speak, but the moonlight radiance of his pale beseeching face answered for him.

"Have you no tongue, sir?" loudly demanded the old sailor.

"If you please, sir, I should like to go to school, more than anything in the world, if I was rich enough to pay for it," answered Ishmael.

"Humph! what do you think of that, Professor? Does not that tell you think of that?" inquired the old sailor, with a chuckle of delight, as he rubbed his hands together, as the young rascal promising, as do you think of that, sir? what do you think of that, my friend?"

"But in the best, sir; he is perfectly sincere. I am sure of it, from what I have seen of him. And if you will, sir, let it be a boy of——"

"And I will, sir, with no reward! Why, I could not do so to a more effectual way than by sending him to school! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what could a boy of his humble lot do with an education if he had it?" inquired the Professor.

"Ah! that I cannot tell, as it would depend greatly upon his circumstances. But this I do know, that the education he desires *cannot be* into any home, and any do him good."

"You! well, then, to school he shall go. Where shall I send him?" inquired the old sailor.

"Here; I would willingly take him——"

"For you're joking! Why, you have one of the most select schools in the State."

"And this boy would prove to be a source to his a word, Commodore, I would offer to take him here myself, and that I know the independent spirit of the young fellow could not be hurt by receiving an obligation. Yes, Commodore he is better to a larger amount than you can for the school. Therefore, even he does not refuse to accept an education."

"Well, Professor, anyway for sir, may object to the association for their sons," said the Commodore, in a less rude tone.

"Sir, I object! I like the little fellow too well."

"Very well, then, if any one else objects to their sons' keeping company with Ishmael Worth, they shall not attend to do so."

"Humph! but suppose they remove their sons from the school? inquired Mr. Ross, who mended the Commodore.

"Then I will have them kept from me. The liberty I claim for myself I also allow to others. Ishmael Worth with one's freedom of action, and suffer no man to interfere with it. Come forward, and let us have a word with you," ordered the Commodore.

Ishmael, who had again retreated behind the shadow of the professor's stout form, now came forward, cap in hand, and stood blushing before the old sailor.

"Well, you are to be 'cursed with a genius' for mischief, young Ishmael Worth, and to become here to school, and I am to foot the bills. You are to mess next Admiral, which brings the first of April and all-fools'-day. I consider an auspicious day for a beginning. You are to mix with certain giants, called Grammar, Geography and History. And if you behave well there, you are to conduct certain dragons and griffins, named Mathematics and Natural Law. And if you conquer them, you may eventually come across your present humble sphere, and perhaps become a parish clerk or a constable—you know! Make good use of your opportunities, my lad! Pursue the path of learning, and there is no knowing where it may carry you. 'Big streams from little fountains flow,' Good-by, little scorer grove!' and so forth. Good-bye! and God bless you, my lad," finally concluded the old sailor, with a wave of his hand.

Ishmael bowed very low, and attempted to thank his friend, but tears came to his eyes, and a swelling emotion choked his voice; and before he could speak, the Commodore walked up to Mr. Middleton, and said:

"I hope your decor to the tile lad will not seriously affect your school; but we will talk further of the matter on some future occasion. I have no engagement this morning. Good-bye! Oh, by the way—I had nearly forgotten—Marvin, and Turner, and the other old boys are coming down to my place for an oyster-roast on Thursday night. I won't ask you if you will come, I say to you that you must do so; and I will not stop to hear any denial. Good bye!" the Commodore shook Mr. Middleton's hand and departed.

Ishmael stood the very picture of perplexity, until Mr. Middleton addressed him.

"Come here, my brave little lad. You are to do as the Commodore has directed you, and present yourself here on Monday next. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understand very well; but——"

"But—what my lad? Wouldn't you like to come?"

"Oh, yes, sir! more than anything in the world. I would like it, but——"

"But what?"

"It would be taking something for nothing; and I am not sure that he did not——"

"You are mistaken, Ishmael! It would be taking what you have a right to take! It would be taking what you have earned a hundred fold. You risked your life to save Commodore Burgho's two sons, and you did save them."

"Sir, that was only my duty."

"Then it is equally the Commodore's duty to do all that he can for you. And it is also your duty to accept his offer."

"Do you look at it in that light, sir?"

"Certainly I do!"

"And—do you think John Hancock and Patrick Henry would have looked at it in that light?"

Mr. Middleton laughed. No one could have helped laughing at the quaint, little, grave visage of Ishmael, as he gravely put this question.

"Why, assuredly, my lad! Every boy and martyr in second or profess himself should view the matter as the Commodore and myself do."

"Oh, sir, then I am so glad! and indeed, indeed, I will do my very best to profit by my opportunities, and to show my gratefulness to the Commodore and you," said Ishmael, fervently.

"Quite right! I am sure you will. And now, my boy, you may retire," said Mr. Middleton, kindly placing Ishmael his hand.

Our lad bowed deeply and turned towards the Professor, who, with a sweeping obeisance to all the literary shelves, left the room.

Four eventful months—weeks, young Ishmael! You will learn the circumstances and all the less which will depends on your conduct whether you do not rise to be a sexton or a clerk! Well, young Ishmael, I will now turn into the lawn.

They went around to the smoking ruins of the burnt wing, where all the field negroes were collected under the superintendence of Overseer, Grainger, and engaged in clearing away the rubbish.

"I have a hundred and fifty things to do," said the Professor; "but, still, I fear sufficient is required here it must be given. Do you want any help, Mr. Grainger?"

"No, Morris, not until the rubbish is cleared away. Then I shall want a gang of hands to lay down a temporary covering to keep the other rooms dry from rain until the builder comes."

"Come along, young Ishmael! I guess I will not need you any longer; and as for going over to Mr. Middleton's, to begin to get ready for school, you may as well go there with me. When they reached the hut they found Hannah sitting in the door-way, looking very sad.

In a moment, Ishmael's fine arms was around his aunt's neck, and he was kissing her tenderly.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing, my child! I only feel very tender to-day, and am too much. Now, what do you want to do for me, Ishmael? Have you been to the Hall? Have you been at work? *Have you been at work getting to support us?*" said Hannah, fondly.

Ishmael looked distressed; the Professor discovered a sudden interest in the clouds. Hannah awaits to work, Ishmael's "poor little mother" had indeed supported them; but not neither could it be dispensed with, since it was the only thing to keep them both from famine, and since this was the case, Ishmael thought his duty clear to continue to work and attend, and to do so he must give up all hopes of going to school—at least for the present, perhaps forever. It was a bitter disappointment to the boy, but he was too brave to hesitate between right and wrong! He swallowed his disappointment, and, in a manner long relative, saying:

"Aunt, dear, Aunt Hannah! Don't cry, maybe if I work hard I may be able to earn enough——"

"Yes; times is brisk; I dare say, young Ishmael will be able to earn enough to keep a dollars a week for a while," chimed in the Professor.

Hannah dropped her coarse handkerchief and looked from one to the other.

"What did they want with you up at the Hall, my dear?"

"The Commodore wanted to send me to school, Aunt Hannah; but it don't matter," said Ishmael, firmly.

"Not matter! Why not?"

And the Professor, knowing now that he should save no pleasure to seeing Hannah's distress, and also to prevent misconstruction of the school plan was upposed in the bad, took up his cue.

"Well, young Ishmael, I shall start for Mr. Marshall's school to-morrow morning. I shall have a family for you to do, so you must be at Bradenell Heights by eight o'clock in the morning," he said.

Ishmael, I think I will walk with you, I ought to tell Mr. Middleton at once. And I will not come back to-night, but will spend the night with Peter Cottenger."

The boys set together and in silence retraced their steps to Bradenell Heights. Both were absorbed in their own thoughts; hopes and over that strange fatality in the lot of the poor and unfriended which so often denies for the lack of small means.

Ishmael parted with his companion at his own cottage door. But Ishmael, with his heart full of gratitude, went to the Professor's family on towards Bradenell Heights.

Mr. Middleton was walking out related to the ground the very moment it was raised to his feet. He was in consultation with Grainger, and not resign himself to R. All his nature was in the field, and he was giving the workmen with the means to reconcile his duty and his desire. His thoughts were wandering to the boy, he being thirst for knowledge; the eagerness of his hungry and voracious intellect for food and action, can scarcely be appreciated by less gifted beings. While contemplating for the way by which he might supply Hannah with the means of living without assistance from her nephew, he suddenly hit upon a plan. He quickened his footsteps to get it into instant execution. He arrived at Bradenell Hall and asked to see Ishmael. Ishmael was engaged by his petition and soon returned to conduct him to the boy's presence. They went up two flights of stairs, when the man, turning to the left, opened a door and admitted the boy to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Middleton.

The lady, wrapped in a dressing gown and shawl, reclined in an arm-chair in the chimney corner.

"Come here, my dear," she said, in a sweet voice. And when Ishmael had advanced and made his bow, she took his hand kindly and

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salt; "You are the only visitor whom I would have received to-day, for I have taken a very bad cold from bad night's exposure, my dear sir, for you I could not refuse. Now sit down in that easy ottoman on, and talk to me while I take the pen. I hear you are coming to school here; I am glad of it."

"I see, ma'am; but I do not know that I am," replied the boy.

"What, how is that?"

"I hope you won't be displeased with me, ma'am."

"Certainly not."

"I thought, then, maybe you might have some sewing or some knitting to put out."

"Why, Ishmael, I have been looking in vain for a seamstress for the last three or four weeks. And I thought I might have the pleasure to go to the trouble and expense of sending to Baltimore or Washington for one; for all our spring and summer sewing is put to do. I am sure I could keep one woman in full needle-work all the year round."

"Oh, ma'am, how glad I would be if Aunt Hannah would suit you."

"I can easily tell that. Does she make your clothing?"

"All of them, ma'am, and her own too."

"Come here, then, and let me look at her sewing."

Ishmael went to the lady, who took his arm and carefully examined the stitching of his jacket and shirt-sleeves.

"She sews beautifully. That will do, my boy. Ring that bell for me."

Ishmael obeyed and a servant answered the summons.

"Jane," she said, "send me that roll of linen from the wardrobe."

The woman complied, and the mistress put the bundle in the hands of Ishmael, saying:

"Here, my boy; here are a dozen shirts already cut out; with the buttonholes worked, and so forth, rolled up in them. Take them to your aunt. Ask her if she can make up them, and tell her that I pay a dollar apiece."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, ma'am! I know Aunt Hannah will do them very nicely!" exclaimed the boy in delight, as he made his bow and his exit.

He ran home, leaping and jumping as he went.

He rushed into the hut, and threw the bundle on the table, exclaiming, gleefully:

"There, Aunt Hannah! I've been done it!"

"Done what, you crazy fellow?" cried Hannah, looking up from the frying pan in which she was turning savory rashers of bacon for their second meal.

"I have got you—an engagement," as the Professor calls a big ticket week to do. I've got it for you, aunt, and I hope you'll thank me, and may get very reasonable 'ting to this world I then will only speak when spoken to,'" exclaimed Ishmael.

Hannah sat down her frying pan and approached the bundle, saying:

"With you try to be sensible now, Ishmael and tell me where the bundle of linen came from?"

Ishmael grew sober in an instant, and made a very clear statement of his afternoon's errand, and his answer ending in he had begun, by saying: "I do believe in my soul, Aunt Hannah, that nobody can get our reputable thing to the world they want, if they only try hard enough for it! And now, dear Aunt Hannah, I would be so selfish as to go to school and leave all the burden of getting things sewing on you, and then, if I did not know that it would be better even for you by and by! For I'll go to school and get some little education, I shall be able to work at something better than odd jobbing. The Professor said He would take me for one of his modern himself, thinks that if I'persevere, I may come to be country merchant, lawyer, doctor, schoolmaster, or something of that sort; and I do, you know, Aunt Hannah, want to live in a house with three or four rooms, and I can keep you in splendor! So you see all this is but selfishness to wanting to go to school, will you, Aunt Hannah?"

"No, my darling, no. I love you dearly, my Ishmael. Only my temper is tried when you run your precious head into the fire, as you did last night."

"But, Aunt Hannah, Israel Putnam, or Frederick—"

"Now, now, Ishmael—don't, dear, don't! If you did not know how I hate those very sound of those old dead and gone men's names, you wouldn't be forevermore singing of them from my ears!" said Hannah, nervously.

"Well, Aunt Hannah, I will try to remember not to name them to you again. But for all that I NEVER FOLLOW WHERE ANY ONE LEADS, and the young woman's prophet. For I have elsewhere said, what I now only repeat—I never will trust to the new Prophecies," which it requires only Fulfilment to fulfill.

Hannah made no reply. She was busy setting the table for the supper, which her nephew and nephew presently supped with the appropriate unity to be felt by those who seldom sit down to a satisfactory meal.

When it was over, and the table was cleared, Hannah, who never lost time, took the bundle of linen, unrolled it, laid it down, and commenced sewing.

Ishmael, with his book of heroes, sat opposite to her.

The plain dial table, overshed with a cresset, stood between them, lighted by one tallow candle.

"Aunt Hannah," said the boy, as he watched her arranging her work—"it likes easier than wearing it."

"You mean coarse, Ishmael?"

"I'm sure it is unfitting to put it."

"About twice as unfitting, my dear; so, if the lady really can keep me in work all the year round, there will be no need of your poor little wages, earned by your hard labor," she added fondly.

"Oh, I didn't think it hard at all, you see, because I had fun—" I beg your pardon, Aunt Hannah—I won't forget again," said the boy, correcting himself in time, and returning to the silent reading of his book.

Sometimes after he closed his book, and looked up.

"Aunt Hannah?"

"Well, Ishmael?"

"You often talk to me of my dear mother in Heaven, but never of my father. Who was my father, Aunt Hannah?"

For all answer Hannah arose and bound his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

—What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make to their purpose.

MAY BELL.

BY MRS. JOHN G. WHARTON.

I am going from you,
May Bell,
Into the cold world to dwell—
Farewell.

Lovers will kneel to you,
May Bell,
Vowing none o'er loved so well—
So well.

Moonlight will come again,
May Bell,
And you will stay to this dell—
This dell.

I can come no more,
May Bell,
'Twas here you forgot your sweet spell—
Sweet spell.

In and around my home,
May Bell,
Lightly and brightly it fell—
It fell.

Now I must go—I hear,
May Bell,
How lonely those will be—
Yet, oh!

You have broken my heart,
May Bell,
Left there a sorrowful smart—
Smart.

I pray that to bless you,
May Bell,
And during remorse to quell—
Quell.

I love and forgive you,
May Bell,
False one, forever, farewell—
Farewell.

JOHN WILBUR'S ELOPEMENT.

BY SILVANUS COBB, JR.

In the great manufacturing Elmwood Hill lived Absalom Wilbur and his son. Absalom Wilbur had seen much trouble in life—much of that trouble which does not spring from the heart, and brings mourning upon the spirit. Of eight children that had been born to him only one remained—and only a few years remained to the time of which we write this with which we have now to do, his wife, his second offspring. Still Mr. Wilbur mourned not as do those without hope. His faith in the Christian doctrine of the God was strong and abiding; and, having those who had gone before him in the spirit world to the care of the angels, he turned his attention to the one that remained to him.

Of worldly wealth Absalom Wilbur had an abundance. He had inherited much from his parents; and during the long years of his life, he had added to it—not with the hoarding spirit of the miser, but with the ceaseless energy of one who delights in business, and loves to see things grow and multiply.

John Wilbur was three-and-twenty years of age; a tall, well-formed youth; with golden hair, and light grey eyes; and possessed of more than ordinary beauty. Yet that fact could not justly be said to belong to him, for the fair vigor of well-directed manhood. He had graduated from college in the previous year, and at present his only companions were books and papers. He spent every hour in his father's house save when the weeds and mysteries of German Philosophy called him to the lecture-room of Professor Gruber; and at the present time, he was engaged in reading the Second Faust of Goethe in the original Saxon.

One forenoon, as John sat in his study, busily engaged over the mystic pages of the Rhodo sculptress, his father came to his door, but I was a shudder passed through the old man's frame as he saw his son, for he knew the dark spirit side of his son, and he shook his head in sadness and doubt.

"Come, John," he said, "shut up your book, and listen to me a few minutes. I have something that I wish to say to you."

The student pushed his book from him, and looked up into his father's face.

"My dear boy, you are going to be serious and earnest with you; and I suppose you already imagine what I am going to say, but I will say it, and you must give me your attention."

The young man bowed assentingly, and closed, and his thin, white hands worked nervously in the folds of his dressing gown.

"John," pursued the white-haired parent, "I am not going to tell you all this for the sake of what shall become of Elmwood when I am gone? I am—don't interrupt me, John!—for I am as you are going now; I shall outlive you. O, what joy would there be in heaven and eternity, were you here life enough to you. Of all my children you were blessed with the choicest gifts, and with the fairest properties of form. Come, come, my boy, I know what you would say. You would say that those arms brought back to their home, and those cheeks flushed with the glow of health, and those eyes lighted with the fire of love, were worth more than books and the mines. When you tire of the horses, take the gun or the fishing-rod. And then, remember it is high time that you began to take some charge of the business. You need have no fear of the workmen, and superintend the estate.

"You have graduated with honor," continued John, at the end of a long pause.

"Yes," replied the young man, energetically, "I have something more to say; and, my son, if you have any sense or reason in you, you will give me respectful attention. You know that I want you to marry Hannah."

"Will Mary Howard," interrupted the youth, with a sharp and bitter emphasis.

"Yes—will Mary Howard. Her father was the second-best friend I ever had, and of all boys of my youth, and of my early manhood—the most upright, honest, candid and understanding. It is his dying wish that his daughter Mary might be my wife; and such has been and such shall be, my wish. But, mind you, I would not wish this if I knew that you could not love her. Such a good man can need for a companion."

"My dear father," replied John, as he saw that he was about to rise from his seat, "I like Mary Howard and a husband accepted as she does, I do not think I could be a better husband than I will be to her. Such as present. You know what my feelings are in this respect."

"But, my son, if you would feel Mary—if you would cultivate her acquaintance—I know you would love her."

"I don't wish to see her. I saw her once, and she can stand through."

"That was eight years ago, John. Mary has improved since then."

"I care not for her improvement. I want nothing to do with her. I will not see her. I am set against her now!" said the youth, with a slight element of ire in his tone.

"Then, my son, I must look at her myself, and report favorably upon her."

"Father, I have uttered my last word. I will not see her. I will not marry her. I will not have her. I will not love her. I will not!" exclaimed John, with a vehemence that was almost frightful.

"Then, my son, I must tell you that you have been deceived in your own heart. You have been deceived in your own heart. You have been deceived in your own heart. You

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the ruddy waking from my dream of happiness. I awaken yet—at last. Justly by our sins, I suppose."

"Say your favorite sins," replied her husband. "You would not have pleaded thus strongly for his brother."

"True was that your reproach, John, would have reached me; but it falls harmless now—its arrow is barbed by injustice. Has Gilbert ever been a son to me? leaned me with the respect due to a parent?"

"As any poor gentleman, no doubt, for Fredrick—"

"Impossible. For years I concealed it from myself."

"And resisted it."

"This, probably, is the last time we shall ever speak upon the subject. You have tried, I will secure to ask either justice or compassion at your hands."

"Indeed!"

"But I am a mother, and a mother's heart is stronger than pride or resentment. Grant, I entreat you, the only favor I shall ever ask, and the past, from this long, dreary past, my wrongs as a wife—shall be forgiven."

"No."

"You refuse to make Frederick partner, as you promised?"

"Most positively."

"Refuse!"

"Please! madam, do you think to intimidate me?"

"No. I would entreat you—entreat you humbly, John—as a wife could," said Mrs. Bentley, bursting into tears. "You inherited all my poor father's wealth; you are his grandchild."

"I am just, madam," replied the hypocrite, who began to tire of the scene. "If my declaration against lunch to you have not already taught your sentimental partiality for your youngest son. Your views is decided, and I protect the interests of his brother.

"No brother," he continued, as his wife was about to cast herself at his feet. "If you knew how I detest a sense of this kind, you would not attempt it with me."

Mrs. Bentley dried her tears, and walked proudly out of the room.

"What a sob pinding fool she must take me for!" thought her husband as he listened to the words could move me, after so many years' experience, too. To do her justice, it is her last act of folly, and I trust it may prove the last."

He was mistaken. She had committed one still greater one when she listened to his vows, and consented to bestow her hand upon him. Perhaps—and it is a difficult thing to rend the human heart, especially a woman's—even the bliss still not blissful, not the real John Bentley, but the kind—one has a right—which he created.

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Frederick, embracing her tenderly when she returned to the drawing-room. "You have been weeping. Not a word. I register all my strength of mind to bear up against this love."

"Do not follow me. I am going to my chamber. I require to be alone—quiet—to have consolation and strength. You will not leave me?" she added, hurriedly to her son.

"Leave you!" repeated the young man.—"Nothing the world can offer would tempt me to abandon you in your sorrow. No matter how harshly and unjustly you are treated, I remain, even should I have to toil for my daily bread, protect you."

Mrs. Bentley regarded him for an instant with a look in which the most gratified affection appeared struggling for mastery, and quitted the room.

"Poor Mary!" sighed Miss Westbury. "The last blow, I fear, will prove too heavy for her."

"I must endeavor to lighten it," observed Frederick, "by ceasing my visits hereafter, and I will endure anything to bring peace to her mind."

"Good boy! noble boy!" said the sphinx. "If I only had not been a fool—"

"You, aunt! What mean you?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing particular!" answered the lady, hastily. "We have none of us something to regret."

She alluded to the settlement of her fortune—a sacrifice Frederic Bentley had not the slightest suspicion of.

Lady Augusta, who already began to regret her confession in making her husband's Manchester connections, as she disdainfully termed the family she had been bought into, felt greatly annoyed at dinner because neither her mother-in-law nor Miss Westbury made her appearance. She blotted more than once that it was a want of proper respect.

John Bentley left his house. He began to tire of life in her haughty grave herself; and long since would have spoken his mind upon the subject, but for the blind affection of her son's Gilbert.

"My mother is indisposed," observed Frederick, gravely.

"And my aunt also, I presume?" replied the lady, sarcastically.

Her husband gave her a warning look to be silent, but it was unheeded.

"I do not understand such sudden indisposition," she continued. "In the circle in which I am accustomed to move—"

"Allow me to correct your ladyship," interrupted her father-in-law. "*In the circle in which my money enables you to move.* That is, doubtless, what you intended to say. Very grossed," he added, turning with frosted politeness to her.

Like many other domestic tyrants, John Bentley did not choose that any one should set the despot in his family but himself.

"Indeed!" replied Lady Augusta, haughtily, accustomed to be treated with deference by all around her, "I was unaware—"

"I think not," was the reply.

"Silence, my dear father!" exclaimed Gilbert, who, knowing the violent temper of his wife, feared a scene; "you misunderstand Augusta."

"I think not," was the reply.

"Silence, my dear father!" with freezing dignity. "I did not come to this wretched place to be insulted."

"My love!"

"You can remain or not, as you please; I return to town in the morning."

Having announced her resolution, the haughty beauty rose from the table and quitted the room.

"A pleasant visit," muttered John Bentley.

"Very pleasant," repeated his eldest son.

"And all through you," added his father, addressing Frederick. "I do not know how you incited your mother and Miss Westbury to treat me with contempt. But you will not carry your point by such conduct, I promise you. Not a word! To-morrow shall see a change in their conduct. It is true, I had, to speak and act as master in my own family."

The next day did see a change—though not exactly the one the speaker anticipated.

Anxious to avoid irritating his unnatural parent further, Frederick Bentley left the house the instant the dinner was finished, and hastened to the pretty cottage-house, where Ellen hopefully expected him.

The affectionate girl had no occasion to ask the result of the meeting with his father: she read it in his looks.

"My father has broken his promise to me," said the young man.

The hand of Ellen sank upon his shoulder, and she wept bitterly.

"Do you still trust me?"

"Ah," was all the agitated maiden his heart.

"I will answer such confiding love as true love should be answered," replied Frederick, with a smile. "In the morning you shall accompany me to Manchester."

The confiding girl sprang into his arms with a cry of joy, and thanked him for the firmness with a like of pure affection—a notice that might have will wield a greater boon—if an act of simple justice may be termed one.

"To-morrow!" repeated Ellen, joyously; "to-morrow!"

During the rest of the morning she could think of nothing else; and when the hour of repose arrived, sank to rest, repeating the word.

She awakened it even in her sleep.

With great difficulty Mrs. Hannan escorted from her husband a sovereign rest to renew the sad sporisels he had offered to the public gaze by paying with old age in front of the dock. Deposing with a shudder as a wife—her woman's pride, revolted at the thought of the humiliation of the husband who was so dear to her. And yet something must be done; the pale spectre, Famine, not only stood at the door, but had taken up its abode in her once happy home. Her daughter was in the meanest garb of all, the tagged looks of the aged widow, who bore the pangs of hunger unmurmuringly.

"It best for myself," she repeatedly observed. "It best for myself, and for the last day my time; but it be hard to see Willie, my darlin' Willie, and the boy, Jemmy, in the dock. Do hope the Answerly will take me first. It be very, very unlucky a burden to you."

By appealing to the friends of her earlier years, Mrs. Hannan succeeded in obtaining some slight assistance; but the chief support of the family sprang from the sale of the needlework every article of which was slowly disappearing.

In fact, the kids slept upon the floor, the bed and the kitchen-table, were pretty well the only articles remaining.

But the greatest sorrow of all to the blind man was the loss of his child—the diagnose of his darling Ellen.

The kitchen was still scrupulously clean, although stripped of all the furniture but the dresser—larged was!—appeared in the pallid features of the mother. Her death, in the midst of Willie had given way, and he sat with his head had been spared upon the table, or the open door; while his wife and mother were plying their knitting-needles with nervous haste.

Martin had taken refuge in the little parlor with a kick, to the truth, for the purpose of the pangs of hunger by reading. Like his parents, he was a stranger to grief, and the present contents eyes were dimmed; and his free, manly footsteps had lost their elasticity.

Everything appeared so sad, and monotonous, so dreary in the house, that Jemmy, who was precisely silent, shut the fill of a feather might have been heard, or the bursting of a bubble.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the opened door. Mrs. Hannan looked up, and uttered a cry of horror, her daughter Ellen, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to sustain herself.

Fearing the effect upon the broken health of her husband, Martin, who knew more of the true processes, she motioned her away.

"Mother!" sobbed the young girl.

"Who spoke?" demanded the blind man, starting from his seat.

The sign was repeated, almost imploringly.

"Ellen! Ellen spoke, I say!"

The sight of so much misery in her own home, the sad contrast between it and the one she had long been a stranger, overpowered the young girl upon the hearth of Ellen, that she fell breathless, giving way beneath the shock. Frederick, who had upon the threshold, she made one desperate effort, and threw herself at her father's feet, clasped his knees, and forced them with her tears, sobbing, at broken intervals—

"Pardon!—pardon!"

"Ellen!" whispered Mrs. Hannan to her mother-in-law, who was about to speak. "Not to God, the father is the judge of his child. Leave them alone."

There was something so imposing in the tone which accompanied the words, that the old woman, passionate old woman felt awed, and obeyed.

Several minutes elapsed before poor Willie found strength to utter a word. He made no attempt to damage himself from the embrace of his repentant child, but stood, silent and motionless, absorbed in mental prayer, the tears streaming from his sightless orbs.

"Pardon! pardon!"

"Pardon!" repeated her father, speaking very slowly, and as if the word was new to him; true repentance—such repentance as cheerfully forgives all wrongs—her poor child was already abandoned you, and you come merely to find a shelter for your self-reproach."

"Well, well," he added, after a pause, "the shelter shall not be denied you. It is all that poverty has left me to bestow."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed penitence—for having quitted my home without your permission. Oh! I have never known a happy hour since. My pillow has been bathed with nightly tears—my fervid and vain prayer—only that you forgive me—that you will let me see you sometimes—although it be but for a moment."

"Begone!" interrupted the blind man, sternly. "And you come with a broken spirit, my heart would have received you, although you have cast a high burden it. I was strong in the full strength of manhood, full of energy—a life made blank, but never left the helpless and infirm in this sad hour. I bless the darkness which prevents me from gazing on the features of the child who has defied my authority, and left my home."

"Not obdurate!" repeated Ellen, faintly. "Pity—pity me!"

His words were my forgiveness, shame, the villain who led you from the path of duty and virtue. Promise never to see him more, and—"

"My heart would break."

"Then," replied the blind man, haughtily, "Approach not the home you have disgraced again, lest my curse—my father's curse—"

His words were interrupted by a piercing shriek. His daughter must have fallen senseless upon the floor, had not Frederick caught her in his arms. Ellen, darted into the kitchen and caught her in his arms.

"Mother!" she cried, "she is exhausted, pressing her eagerly to his bosom—"Welcome back—welcome to your home! Welcome though poverty a thousand times, rather than your misery!"

"He—he hate! the villain beneath my roof!" cried Willie, fearfully excited. "My daughter, place me within his reach. Oh! I am blind and helpless!"

On hearing his name, Martin rushed from the parlor, his eyes flashing with passion, almost to resentment. Another instant, and the girl had her would have sprung at the throat of the betrayer; but his sister perceived his design, and threw herself into his arms.

"Let me go!" said her brother.

"Patience! a moment—one moment, I pray ever loved me?" replied Ellen, frantically.

"William Hannan," said Frederick, "have not for a few tentants."

"Away!"

"If I depart," replied the young man, calmly, "my wife goes with me."

The word "wife," which struck upon the ears of all, was received with surprise his hearers. Not one of them could speak. Rage, doubt, fear, and inevitably appeared upon the features of all.

"Release your brother, Ellen," continued the speaker. "He will listen to me now. William Hannan, that my poor child has committed has been the sin of disobedience. The fault is a grave one, I confess; yet it is one a father's love might easily forgive. Had my wife—"

As fast as human and heavenly laws can make her, she was my lawful wife. I should have told you, but I feared you would not approve of my choice. Ellen, my child! light to my darkness! Ellen's eternal music! Come to me—come to your poor fond father's heart!" exclaimed Willie.

"You have another son, sir," observed Frederick Bentley, darkly myself. "Have you no blessing for him?"

"Willie, and his father-in-law," in re-storing my child to me, pave and unstained, you have committed a crime for which I can forgive that all other errors are forgiven. I fear you have not the power to make her happy. Depriving a portionless bride."

"Not for that, sir, because of happiness," replied the husband of Ellen. "All I regret is the loss of your esteem, and I trust a few hours' marriage cost you. For the rest, it has been entirely unavoidable."

"I understand. Your father—"

"Has refused to keep the promise he made of taking me as a partner."

"Poor children!" sighed Willie. "Poor children! Ellen, my child!"

"And in this marriage still to be kept a secret from the world?" inquired Martin.

"No," replied Frederick Bentley, firmly. "I am ready to declare it openly. A few hundred times could compensate the pain of witnessing their wretched poverty, and the chief of my fortune I have given to my brother."

Martin had taken refuge in the little parlor with a kick, to the truth, for the purpose of the pangs of hunger by reading. Like his parents, he was a stranger to grief, and the present contents eyes were dimmed; and his free, manly footsteps had lost their elasticity.

Everything appeared so sad, and monotonous, so dreary in the house, that Jemmy, who was precisely silent, that the fill of a feather might have been heard, or the bursting of a bubble.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the opened door. Mrs. Hannan looked up, and uttered a cry of horror, her daughter Ellen, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to sustain herself.

Fearing the effect upon the broken health of her husband, Martin, who knew more of the true processes, she motioned her away.

"Mother!" sobbed the young girl.

"Who spoke?" demanded the blind man, starting from his seat.

The sign was repeated, almost imploringly.

"Ellen! Ellen spoke, I say!"

The sight of so much misery in her own home, the sad contrast between it and the one she had long been a stranger, overpowered the young girl upon the hearth of Ellen, that she fell breathless, giving way beneath the shock. Frederick, who had upon the threshold, she made one desperate effort, and threw herself at her father's feet, clasped his knees, and forced them with her tears, sobbing, at broken intervals—

"Pardon!—pardon!"

"Pardon!" repeated her father, speaking very slowly, and as if the word was new to him; true repentance—such repentance as cheerfully forgives all wrongs—her poor child was already abandoned you, and you come merely to find a shelter for your self-reproach."

"Well, well," he added, after a pause, "the shelter shall not be denied you. It is all that poverty has left me to bestow."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed penitence—for having quitted my home without your permission. Oh! I have never known a happy hour since. My pillow has been bathed with nightly tears—my fervid and vain prayer—only that you forgive me—that you will let me see you sometimes—although it be but for a moment."

"Begone!" interrupted the blind man, sternly. "And you come with a broken spirit, my heart would have received you, although you have cast a high burden it. I was strong in the full strength of manhood, full of energy—a life made blank, but never left the helpless and infirm in this sad hour. I bless the darkness which prevents me from gazing on the features of the child who has defied my authority, and left my home."

"Not obdurate!" repeated Ellen, faintly. "Pity—pity me!"

His words were my forgiveness, shame, the villain who led you from the path of duty and virtue. Promise never to see him more, and—"

"My heart would break."

"Then," replied the blind man, haughtily, "Approach not the home you have disgraced again, lest my curse—my father's curse—"

His words were interrupted by a piercing shriek. His daughter must have fallen senseless upon the floor, had not Frederick caught her in his arms. Ellen, darted into the kitchen and caught her in his arms.

"Mother!" she cried, "she is exhausted, pressing her eagerly to his bosom—"Welcome back—welcome to your home! Welcome though poverty a thousand times, rather than your misery!"

"He—he hate! the villain beneath my roof!" cried Willie, fearfully excited. "My daughter, place me within his reach. Oh! I am blind and helpless!"

On hearing his name, Martin rushed from the parlor, his eyes flashing with passion, almost to resentment. Another instant, and the girl had her would have sprung at the throat of the betrayer; but his sister perceived his design, and threw herself into his arms.

"Let me go!" said her brother.

"Patience! a moment—one moment, I pray ever loved me?" replied Ellen, frantically.

"William Hannan," said Frederick, "have not for a few tentants."

"Away!"

"If I depart," replied the young man, calmly, "my wife goes with me."

The word "wife," which struck upon the ears of all, was received with surprise his hearers. Not one of them could speak. Rage, doubt, fear, and inevitably appeared upon the features of all.

"Release your brother, Ellen," continued the speaker. "He will listen to me now. William Hannan, that my poor child has committed has been the sin of disobedience. The fault is a grave one, I confess; yet it is one a father's love might easily forgive. Had my wife—"

As fast as human and heavenly laws can make her, she was my lawful wife. I should have told you, but I feared you would not approve of my choice. Ellen, my child! light to my darkness! Ellen's eternal music! Come to me—come to your poor fond father's heart!" exclaimed Willie.

"You have another son, sir," observed Frederick Bentley, darkly myself. "Have you no blessing for him?"

Willie, and his father-in-law, "in re-storing my child to me, pure

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

PARTING AGAINST HOPE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Lullaby, lullaby, sings the stormy wind
The mother she sings it, too;
The little baby in her arm
As she rocketh to and fro.
Sleep in its lullaby, while you can,
For soon the storm will break,
And your little brother Merriment
Is hiding your eyes awake!

Her face is pale, her tone is wild,
And she sings it low, as she:
Sleep, my little, my lonely child—
The storm will not be near!
The clouds are gray as fly is the sea,
The way is wild and dark,
But your little brother Merriman,
He is used of hours and the dark.

The arms of the true—see she writes
As they cross her window-pane,
And still she singeth her lullaby light
And all about the rain.
Close she folderh her gentle hands,
She singeth so low she can,
For the rain-lash in the storm is stands
For her little Merriman.

She hears the thrusting wash and din
Of heights as they beat and fall,
And she singeth of little Merriman,
And his coming after all.
I'll warrant, on his glad journey back
He'll whistle and he'll sing,
His lab'r to wake as my mother's—
I shall laughs have the bet!

But she leaveth as she can
Her heart is not singing
And the thinks of her little Merriman,
And his coming after all.
And she singeth of her lab'r to wake and wait
Buried the babes in the grave,
And she singeth about her mother's sad
Have been brought to life by love.

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FOREST ADVENTURES—No. 14.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

THE BLAUWE WILDE-BEEST.

We were sitting upon the soft grass, between our wagons, in the light of the fires, after having our evening smoke. Abner had continued his ruminations, and had announced the sole value of our livery, when the silence was broken by Ben Gilbert.

"My dear Fletcher," said he, soberly and scientifically, "I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it, Ben," returned Fite.

"But you must not be offended, my good Fletcher. I ask for information; and I hope you will answer me truthfully."

"Good golly! did ye ebber know dis nigger to tell a lie? Come you ahead, Massa Ben, Massa Ben."

"Don't get into a passion, my old ebony. I know you never lie,—so answer me."

"Well—as yer question."

"Here it is, my dear Fletcher," continued Ben, with unctuous gravity, "is a wild-boar or an elephant?"

The old darkey caught up a boot which Harry had just pulled off, and started to his feet.

"By de big bowl, Ben Gilbert, I'll break yer head—look out!—I'm gone!—"

Fletcher's speech was cut short by Harry's snatching away the boot; and as we sat beat into a merry laugh, he sat down again, and resumed his smoking; but not, however, without muttering threats of which we occasionally caught the termination.

On the following day we set forth again in quest of game, and towards noon, upon reaching the top of a small hill, saw a herd of wild cattle standing by the edge of a wood, not more than a quarter of a mile away. One of them was a bull, and much larger than his companions: and him I singled out for the first shot. The animals discovered us almost as soon as we discovered them, and turning their tombs in the air, they set off through the sparse woods. At first they only walked, tolerably well together; but soon they broke into a trot, which was ere long increased to a run. Then, before they had fairly opened to their speed, we were close upon them. The experience of this, I knew before, had taught me that our best way would be to direct our united attack against one animal; for, should we try for two shots, we might lose all. So, as I had already planned, we were soon back upon the patriarch of the herd, whom I selected first with a steel-pointed charge, close to the shoulder. We had put a dozen balls into him in as many seconds; and the result was, that he stopped short, and fell behind his companions; and in less than fifteen minutes from the firing of the first shot, we had conquered him.

After this we gave chase to the others, and succeeded in capturing one more, which was accomplished just as the sun was sinking behind the distant hill-top. This second elephant was a small one, and his tusks were not of the best quality; but the first one more than made up for it. The tusks of the old patriarch were longer and larger than either of those we had taken on the previous day, and his head was also of the best.

It was well into the night before we got our supper; but we sat with a keen relish when we did eat, and counted ourselves fortunate in our success. But our sport was not to continue without some annoyance, as we shall see.

On the next morning we were early astir, and by the time the sun was up we had breakfasted, our horses had been fed, we had made ready for another elephant hunt.

While on the chase, the day before, I had selected an elephant spoor leading off to the left-hand, which I had then a time to follow; and I determined that our track for this occasion should be in that direction. We had not gone far before we came upon a herd of about five miles from our camp, and when we had followed it a short way we found it branching off into a number of separate paths. I took the largest path, which was the widest, leaving the others to go as they chose: but before we separated it was arranged that the report of a rifle should be the signal for the others to hasten to be of assistance to him who had fired.

For some little time I could hear the trunk of my companions, as they pressed their respective courses; but nearly the sound died away, and I was alone. At the distance of half a mile, or more, my spoor separated into two branches, and I kept to the right, where, pretty soon, I found fresh traces of the elephant. I spurred up my horse, feeling confident I would be the first to give the signal. I had dashed on then but a few moments, when my horse stopped so suddenly that I came near being thrown over his head.

His behavior, my ear, and animal my ride. I expected to see an elephant looming up somewhere in the wood; but my hasty glance showed me the object of my attention was a bull-buffalo.

Perhaps the sight of an elephant is the wind, I determined. But directly before me, the largest bristled gave I ever chanced to meet—largest bristled gave I ever chanced to meet—largest as large as the horse upon which I rode—and with shaggy, ugly looking face was turned with defiant demeanor upon me, and he absolutely acted as though he was prepared to give me battle.

The gnoo (the wildebeest of the Dutch) is one of the most singular animals I ever met. The term "horned-horse," when applied to it, is not wholly inappropriate, though it evidently belongs to the ox family. It has the head and horns of the buffalo; the body of the horse; and limbs almost as light as an antelope's. The horns, which are strong and formidable, are close together at the base, descending first downward and outward, and then curving upward and backward. The general color of the common species is a brown, but this bright brown does not exceed four feet at the shoulders. The bristled gnoo, (the blauwe wildebeest,) is much larger than the former, and far more powerful. His color is a yellowish gray, with dusky bands about the shoulders, changing from gray to brown as we approach the flanks. His height at the shoulders is five feet, and over; and the length of body from nose to tail-feet the length of his horns being about two feet. At first sight the gnoo is taller clumsy in appearance; but when we come to him in action we discover that he is spry and active, almost equalling the horse in speed. They generally wander about in large herds, like wild cattle, and do not flee from the hunter like other beasts, but gallop around the danger, thinking and grunting, as though anxious to discover the intent of the intender.

*The fellow before me was an old bull of the bristle species, and was entirely alone. He had either wandered away from his companions, or else he had stationed himself there to guard the approach to their feeding place. The offer was too tempting to be refused. He would give us game for some days, and, moreover, I wanted his horns. I had raised my piece to my shoulder, and my finger was upon the trigger, when the report of a distant rifle broke upon my ear. Ben it was for me to hold up. I did so, and the gnoo bounded into the air, and then fell upon his knees, with his head pressed upon the ground. I supposed I had killed him; so I slipped from my saddle and hurried forward to aim for the purpose of cutting his throat to bleed. But, as I did so, he sprang to his feet, my double-barrel—my wife to my right—I had loaded his second barrel before I left camp—to by my side upon the ground—and was preparing to receive him. Right slowly with one of his forefeet pawing up the earth, and his head lowered back a pace, and his horns directed full in front, and then recocked my piece, intending to give him the contents of my second barrel, but he was quicker than I was. By the time I had loaded and primed my piece he was upon me. A loud snort he plunged forward, aiming his sharp horns for my left side. I had my rifle in my hand, and I gave my rifle in position to fire; but before I could do so he was upon me, and he gored my horse. I still clutching the rifle, and as he struck me I fell over backward, and as I did so the animal's bending his head for a fatal blow, he drove his horns into my saddle, and there they stuck. He had aimed, that moment would have been my last of earth; but, fortunately, he missed his aim. I was still holding my rifle before me, and as he plunged forward, aiming his sharp horns for my body, I received the point upon the stock of my rifle in position to fire; but before I could do so he had passed me, and he was off. I was still clutching the rifle, and as he struck me I fell over backward, and as I did so the animal's bending his head for a fatal blow, he drove his horns into my saddle, and there they stuck. He had aimed, that moment would have been my last of earth; but, fortunately, he missed his aim. I was still holding my rifle before me, and as he plunged forward, aiming his sharp horns for my left side, I had my rifle in position to fire; but before I could do so he was upon me, and he gored my horse. I